Unexpected Visitor

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Unexpected Visitor

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Count Hannibal Lecter receives an unexpected visitor at night, a human young man, lost, wet with rain and looking for a place to stay. The count finds himself at a crossroad about what he should do with him.

Notes

This is the day 3's prompt of Hannictober, "Crossroad", which I decided to use the definition of the word as "a crucial point especially where a decision must be made."
Forgive any errors and enjoy! <3

Hannibal rarely had guests at home. Not that he wanted to, but it was great when the food presented itself so nicely, spontaneously going to his terrifying old mansion - according to the villagers - and wanting to know if the rumors were true. Well, they always ended up discovering the truth, in a very unpleasant way.

However, Hannibal wasn't prepared to see a handsome young man, soaked in the rain's water, trembling with cold, asking "please, can I stay here until the rain goes away?" with such a vulnerable voice, in the middle of the night. How could Hannibal refuse this? He smiled, letting the man in and quickly helping him take off his wet coat. The man made a curious expression, surprised by Hannibal's hospitality. Poor man was probably treated badly by the others in the village.

"Thank you", he almost stuttered.

"Oh, you don't need to thank me", Hannibal smiled again."It must've been terrible to stay outside on such a rainy night like this", he continued, folding the man's coat on his arm. "May I ask your name?"

"Will", the man replied, running a hand through his wet curls. "Will Graham."

"It's a pleasure, Mr. Graham", Hannibal said, kindly. "My name is Hannibal Lecter. Count Hannibal Lecter", Hannibal said.

He was expecting Will to get scared, like all the villagers that knew his name and spread rumors. However, the man simply bowed.

"Count Lecter-", before Will could finish, Hannibal interrupted him.

"You may call me Hannibal", he smiled. Perhaps he was foreign, Hannibal thought. "Poor man, you must be hungry. I know how rude the villagers can be with strangers."

Will nodded with a slight embarrassment.

"Follow me, please", Hannibal said and then, both went to the hallway.

It didn't take long for them to be in their respective seats at the huge table full of food in Hannibal's magnificent dining room. At first, Will felt shy, eating slowly with almost empty spoonfuls. But then, he suddenly started to feel more comfortable in front of Hannibal, who observed him with curiosity and interest on the table's opposite side.

How this human was pretty, Hannibal said to himself. Beautiful dark brown curls that made him look like a painting, eyes as blue as sapphires, a pale skin that would look marvelous covered in bruises. And his lips... Hannibal had to hold back the urge to lick his own lips, thinking about how it would be to kiss and bite those wonderful reddish lips, paint them with blood, and listen to the beautiful sounds it would make.

With all of this in mind, and while Will proceeded to eat, Hannibal found himself at a crossroad. He could let Will go when the rain finally stopped, or perhaps he could convince

him - he had power for this - to stay a bit more, maybe even have a little fun with him. He could bite him, make him faint and then keep him as his pet.

The count got aroused with the idea, already imagining everything he could do to that weak, vulnerable human.

"Is it to your liking?", Hannibal said, his deep, velvet voice echoing through the room.

"Everything is delicious", Will said, after swallowing.

"I don't know how can I thank you enough for this", he concluded, looking at Hannibal.

Oh, but Hannibal knew. Hannibal knew exactly what he wanted Will Graham to do to thank him. He finally made his decision, smiling with an almost imperceptible malice to the other man.

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